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Daisies

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WHAT THE DAISIES TELL.

Only a cluster of daisies!
Wild flowers, simple and fair,
What is the charm of their presence?
And what their mission there?

When after the dreary winter,
We feel the warm breath of Spring,
How we welcome ev'ry token
Of the earth's awakening.

The dainty delicate blossoms,
The upspringing blade and leaf,
The budding vine and fruit tree, all
Fair forms of the spring-time brief.

While, brightening field and hill slope,
With promise of summer bloom,
The modest, golden-eyed daisies
Come forth from their wintry tomb.

They live again! Then rise, sad heart,
In victory o'er despair,
Can He who formed the daisies
Forget thee, or cease to care?

Fair flowers of early summer,
The message ye now unfold,
Is more, in its depth and sweetness,
Than the human heart can hold.

There is love without a limit,
And the Father's endless care,
Light, strength and peace for the journey,
Courage to do and to bear.

Of these ye breathe, but we are dull,
Nor list to what ye say,
In beauty and simple fragrance
Passing from day to day.

Only a cluster of daisies,
Yet made by a Master-Hand,
Pledged to uphold and guide its own
Safe home to the Fatherland.

L. G. YEATON.

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